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William H. Simpson

And of the Path to the Sunset,
Where we go tomorrow.

Ah! then I knew;
Knew why it sang to my heart.

HOPI-TUH

O people of the peaceful places,
I have known you of old!
Yet your wise men say nothing,
Nor the tinted sands—
The shifting, singing sands.

These alone are the Knowing Ones:
The shadows of yonder clouds,
And the far-journeying winds—
Winds that cover yesterday's pathway.

They are the gray wings of your rains,
They are the messengers of your praying.

DANCE OF THE DUST WITCHES

Are you not weary,
O desert dust witches?

I cannot see who waltzes with you
In close embrace—
But your lips meet hotly in kisses,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Your hair is disheveled,
Your ribbons are flying,
Your skirts are in tatters.

The music you dance to—
It comes from fiddles bewitched.

GRAND CANYON

Words, such as dreamers utter;
Songs, played on dulcet strings;
Pictures, that hold beauty deathless—

Here, on the verge,
They fade away to dull colors,
Faint songs,
Echoes of words.

Let the sunsets paint it,
And the rainbows.
Let the pueblos whisper of it—
Voices of long ago.
Let the red river sing of it—
A wild thing, caged, escaping.

THE NEW DAY

The swift scouts of dawn ride in,
Their lances flame-tipped.
The waning moon shines whitely,